



If There Is Anything That Cannot Bear Free Thought—Let It Crack—WENDELL PHILLIPS

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MUNICH'S CHALLENGE TO THE WORLD'S OPPRESSED

The performance enacted at Munich by Messrs. Chamberlain and Daladier, representing Europe's two leading "democracies," and Messrs. Mussolini and Hitler, representing mankind's scourge of reaction, has already proved itself to be a scrap of paper. This is attested to by the fact that all the four signatories have rushed back home to speed armaments to the highest pitch possible.

The sell-out of Czechoslovakia by the "gentlemen" representing the two "democracies" is only reminiscent of what one is wont to read of pimps who traffic among human beings. Considering, at the same time, that Czechoslovakia has been a semi-fascist state ever since the end of the last World War, one need not worry too much over this sell-out. Freedom of thought and rights of the oppressed have been a dead letter there.

What should concern every true lover of liberty is the looming possibility of an impending similar sell-out of the brave and heroic struggle that the people of Spain have been waging for more than two years.

It is this threatening sell-out on the part of the so-called "Loyalist" Negrin regime that makes one realize fully what the Munich peace maneuver has as its chief aim: A CONSPIRACY OF THE "DEMOCRATIC" AND FASCIST REGIMES AGAINST THE OPPRESSED OF THE WORLD!

Stalin and his Marxian state have crawled on their bellies, wrapped themselves in the cloaks of diplomats, formed secret military alliances with the capitalist "democracies" as well as with priests and rabbis. Now that his regime has openly been spit at in the face, Stalin may at last form the long predicted alliance with Hitler or attempt the impossible task of salvaging the wreckage that has been caused by his state's betrayal of every principle and aim of the October revolution. If the last should happen, Stalin and company will be unfit to cope with the challenge that has now been thrown at the very door of the world's oppressed.

Neither is Leon Trotsky, the bloody executioner of Kronstadt and scores of Anarchists, more fit to meet this challenge through his Fourth International.

The Blums of the Second Socialist International are just as unfit as their brethren of the Third and Fourth International.

The organized labor movement lies everywhere impotent. Its very basic form of organization has proved itself a fertile field for the thriving traitors and career men whose discreditable black records show the horrible disasters brought upon the workers of Austria, England, Germany and France.

Is there, then, no hope whatever left for the world's oppressed?

There is, as there always has been. That hope lies with no one but the oppressed themselves.

The unforgettable and courageous manner in which the people of Spain have met the challenge of beastly fascism on July 19, 1936—and ever since—proves most convincingly what the oppressed throughout the world could likewise do.

At this moment, the foremost important need is the safeguarding of the struggle of Spain from the disaster that it faces—a sell-out through and by its own government.

The boycotting of ships carrying arms and provisions to fascist Spain is well enough in itself, but it is insufficient to stop the threatening disaster. It is again only the people of Spain who must act—ere it is too late! They proved themselves capable of stopping fascism on July 19, 1936, without, or rather, despite an impotent government. Now the imperative need is to immediately reduce their own built-up government to absolute impotence. This they must do before the latter succeeds in handing over their fate into the hands of the hangmen of the revolution—the four charlatans who secretly conspired at Munich to crush every struggle of the world's oppressed.

If the people of Spain can rise to the occasion (and in

this task our anarchist comrades should be most active) and immediately dispose of the Negrin regime without allowing it to be replaced by a new one—then all the heroic sacrifices they have thus far made so bravely will be crowned with victory, the victory of the social revolution.

This action on the part of the people of Spain can rekindle that much needed spirit of solidarity that can inspire the oppressed of the world with a new confidence: the confidence of being likewise able to march onward to the social revolution over the heads of the Stalins, the Trotskys, the labor traitors, the confidence of meeting the challenge of the Chamberlains and Daladiers, the Hitlers and Mussolinis.

The final outcome of such a battle between the world's oppressed and oppressors cannot be doubted for a single moment.

It is only the oppressed's triumph that can bring to an end the reign of exploiters and rulers, traitors and misleaders. At the same time, it would herald the dawn of justice, happiness, equality and liberty for all the world's oppressed.

The peace at Munich is, in reality, a challenge to the world's oppressed by the leading enemies of liberty and justice. It is a challenge to open combat, to a real war, the only kind of a war in which the oppressed can and should have a true interest—the War of the Social Revolution.

Everyone knows and understands that the real people have not spoken at Munich.

When the people awaken to the fact that they must meet the challenge of Munich's impostors, the reign of the rulers and exploiters of the world will begin to crumble to the dust that it fully merits. It will have reached a long overdue end.

THE FATE OF THE WORLD'S OPPRESSED LIES IN THE STRENGTH OF THE WORLD'S OPPRESSED THEMSELVES!

The Case of Vincent Ferrero

In the wake of popular indignation against the mass banishment of minorities by the totalitarian states of Europe, the government of the United States has chosen to align itself with the supposedly democratic governments of France and England in a common gesture of sympathy and protection in behalf of the thousands of political and racial refugees desperately trodding the road of exile.

There is an international commission which purports to study and solve the problem of refugees. The United States has an official representative in this commission. At various times Mr. Roosevelt himself has voiced his administration's sympathy for the refugees and its willingness to help in the solution of so humane a problem.

The average American is inclined to believe in the sincerity of the present administration's utterances since it is wearing a mask of liberalism. We know better. But many sincere admirers and advocates of a liberal administration would be shocked to know that the only difference between the persecution of a totalitarian state and those of a democratic government is one of quantity.

While it is true that we have no tens of thousands of refugees being driven away from the United States, yet, this free country of ours has its own problem of exile. A problem whose solution is being waived by the hypocrisy of our liberal politicians who happen to make the bad and good weather in Washington today.

In fact, the U. S. Department of Labor, headed by one of the liberal members of the present administration, is creating a new deportation delirium by matter of factly hounding and tracking down people solely because of their political beliefs. Hundreds of anti-Nazis and anti-Fascists are in danger of being deported from this country and thrown into the bloody concentration camps of Hitler and Mussolini.

The readers of MAN! are familiar with the case of Vincent Ferrero. Ferrero and Domenick Sallitto were arrested and held for deportation, in April 1934, during a nation-wide campaign of intimidation and persecution to suppress this publication. They were accused of being anarchists and of helping in the publication of MAN! because they had rented some office space to the editor of this paper. The deportation of Ferrero and Sallitto to Italy would have been tantamount to a death

sentence because of their anti-Fascist sentiments and activities. However, a tremendous protest against their deportation has succeeded in having the deportation



order against Sallitto cancelled and thus far preventing Ferrero's delivery to the Italian Fascists.

On October 1st, 1938, Ferrero received an order to surrender on the 7th of the same month for deportation to Italy the following day on the S. S. Roma. A mounting storm of protest, however, has forced the Department of Labor to grant Ferrero a sixty day stay of deportation. Ferrero has the alternative of voluntary departure to seek asylum in some other country.

Asylum in some other country!

What is the matter with this country?

Since Ferrero cannot go to Italy, his country of birth, without endangering his life, why should he not be permitted to have the asylum he so badly needs here, right in this land of the free, rather than somewhere else? Naturally, in speaking of this right of asylum, we try to forget the fact that Ferrero actually belongs here, in the country to which he has contributed 33 years of labor and activities. For, no matter where he was accidentally born, there is no question that a man who settled here 33 years ago and has worked ever since belongs here.

The deportation of Vincent Ferrero for his political opinions is a crying shame: It's accomplishment would be an immoral and unjustifiable crime. In fact, the Department of Labor has done its darndest to somehow justify this unwarranted misdeed. Never before, though, has it come out with so childish, and at the same time tragic, a justification of the brutal attempt to deliver Ferrero to the Fascist executioner as its present one. The Department of Labor claims assurance from the Fascist authorities that there are no charges against Ferrero since the latter left Italy 33 years ago.

Of course there are none. But there are the special laws making him subject to 15 years of imprisonment for his anti-Fascist activities abroad. There is the Fascist practice of summarily disposing of enemies. There is a long list of anti-Fascist deportees who have landed directly in the infamous Fascist islands of confinement.

There is also the Department of Labor's own record which shows that the Italian consular authorities have constantly refused Ferrero a passport to go to any country other than Italy. There is a confidential letter from the local Immigration Office in Oakland, California,

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WHAT REALLY HAPPENED IN SPAIN?

Albert Yensen

I

One of the most essential problems relating to the Spanish situation is, from the anarcho-syndicalist viewpoint, the position taken by the CNT-FAI with regards to state and government. It would, indeed, be of great advantage if we should discuss the causes and factors that prompted the CNT-FAI to participate, first in the Catalan and later also in the Madrid government. The discussion has to be in such a manner that our outlandish comrades should thoroughly understand it. The Spanish movement, as yet, failed to treat of it—which certainly caused a weakening of our ideological position. It is, therefore, my opinion that a discussion of the problem would clarify the whole situation and would also be of international importance for our movement.

My opening the discussion in these columns does not necessarily mean that I wish to criticize the tactics of our Spanish comrades. My intention is simply this: to make our Spanish comrades understand how we, from the outside, look upon the whole problem. It is also likely that our views expressed herein are based upon slight and inadequate information.

I wish the Spanish comrades should understand the doubts and apprehensions that keep tormenting our minds. I do not undertake in these columns to offer a positive interpretation of the problem. Much less do I plan to bring out my own verdict. I only wish to call upon the comrades to help us clarify what really has occurred and what is occurring now in Spain so that we should be able to form a clear and substantial view of the whole situation.

If anyone wants to see in clear light the position taken by the CNT-FAI with regards to state and government, he must, as far as possible, look upon it from an un-dogmatic standpoint. Should he, on the other hand, strictly adhere to dogmatism, there is no sense to even discuss the matter at all.

We should limit ourselves with noting the fact that the position taken by the CNT-FAI is not principally in compliance with anarcho-syndicalist ideology; such position is unsound and not permissible, that is all.

Yet, life is not as simple as all that. Anarcho-syndicalism in Spain has until now mainly demonstrated its negative strength towards the capitalist order. But since July 19, 1936, Anarcho-syndicalism found itself in a position where it also had to prove its positive, constructive and socialistic strength together with its aggressive and destructive methods. For the first time in its history Anarcho-syndicalism had to show its might and the consistency of its ideal. Anarcho-syndicalism, like all social theories, cannot pretend an absolute truth, nor claim to be a most perfect theory and devoid of all defects. In the Spanish revolution Anarcho-syndicalism has departed from the abstract theoretical world and boldly entered the concrete world of realism. In the conflict between theory and reality, the truth of any theory must be convincing; aside from the fact that accuracy is more important than theory, not the opposite.

For us, residing thousands of miles away from the historic happenings in Spain, it is difficult to draw a line between what is taking place in reality and how things actually appear to us. That is why we are prompted to form our conclusions with certain reservations.

Our assertion cannot be absolute. Surely there are points of argument that can only convince us through hypothetical conclusion. We want it understood that we are endeavoring to be careful in discussing the subject-matter so as to avoid any kind of false interpretation. Well, anyhow, the historic happening had its inception in Spain, as far as we are informed, in this manner:

On July 19, 1936, a military revolt broke out in Spain, which was immediately suppressed, thanks to the alertness of the workers in Barcelona, and Catalonia in general. The masses as well as our comrades in the CNT-FAI took the first initiative. Government authority became absolutely passive. The workers took over the industry, set up collectivizations and placed them under the control of the

In the last two issues Comrade Pierre Ramus discussed the Iberian Anarchist Federation's new position. We now bring the first of two articles written by an anarcho-syndicalist. Other articles as well as statements by the CNT-FAI will follow. MANI does not subscribe to any of the conclusions drawn by all those participating in the discussions of this all important question. However, MANI deems it important to present every opinion that evinces interest in and concern about happenings in Spain insofar as these affect our Anarchist philosophy.—EDITOR.

Unions. Large land possessions—in some instances also minor ones—were expropriated and collectivized. Land and sea transportation, postal service, telegraph, telephone, schools, hospitals and sanitation were also collectivized and placed under control of the Unions. At the same time, the workers organized an army of militia under the supervision of their Unions. Militia-committees were formed in conjunction with the UGT (Socialist-Communist Unions) and other political parties. On this basis was also founded an economic administration. The police was purged and reorganized by the boards functioning under revolutionary control. The whole political and economic life fell under the direction of the Unions and the various Boards that were created by the political parties. The oncoming of the social revolution had with surprising rapidity eradicated the military Camarilla.

Because of the transpassing of the economic and political life into the hands of the revolutionary movement the Catalan state began to fall apart. The government no longer could exert its authority. It functioned in name only. A state without force and compulsory institutions is no more a state. The Catalan government no longer had the military apparatus under command; it even lost its authority over the police, which by now took orders from revolutionary committees. The State—without authority; the Government—powerless. Companys, then premier of Catalonia, tried to organize a new military command. He mobilized the old guard, hoping to create a government-militia under the leadership of officers that remained loyal to the State. But the people of Barcelona (of military age) refused to enlist in this army; they rather volunteered into the militia which was directed by the Unions and the revolutionary boards.

The Catalan government was gradually removed from public life. She became powerless under the productive strength of the unions. Public service and transportation was in the hands of the Unions; the police—under supervision of workers' patrols. The militia command and economic administration had the full power in their hands; they all worked for the revolution.

But the State had not wholly been liquidated; some of its remains still kept functioning. The side-tracking of the State, however, already had begun and would have continued till its complete elimination, in full accord with anarcho-syndicalist ideology, if the revolutionary movement would have proceeded with the great task she had undertaken.

But the course of revolutionary development suddenly became interrupted. A new form of government appeared in Barcelona. Perhaps many were led to believe that this new government was, judging from her functional character, more of a revolutionary administration than an authoritative state. But such self-foolery could not have lasted very long. The "Generalidad" (Catalan Government) soon took on the physiognomy of any other government. The CNT-FAI contributed much toward the formation of this government. With somewhat too much generosity, our comrades refused to accept some of the most important positions, although, according to their numerical strength and influence they were entitled to these posts. Such stand aided much the representatives of the UGT, the followers of Marxian dictatorship, as also the citizen parties. And when that turned out to be an eventual fact—it then was

the beginning of the counter-revolution. After that there were complaints that the CNT-FAI was incapable of leading to a "totalitarian" revolution.

This happened in the course of historic events—as far as the outside comrades are informed. However, before us stands out this question: Was the assent given to state and government—even if temporary—the only way out? Was there no other alternative? And, if that is so, are not these occurrences proof enough that the anarcho-syndicalist theory is lacking in consistency? In such case, should we not openly admit that our movement strays in its ideology? If the applied tactics are inevitable, should we not reach the conclusion that the "state" could ever be abolished?

Before all else, let me insert this remark: When the question of participating in the Catalan government was debated, the CNT-FAI was still able to take over the whole regime under its control, if it only made such an attempt. This has been confirmed many times. But the project was not acceptable because factually it would have meant: a dictatorship of the CNT-FAI. And dictatorship, even by one's own movement, is in contradiction to the principles of anarcho-syndicalism. Our comrades, therefore, believed that by participating in the government they found a democratic solution to the problem.

Yet, a government, especially when in a state of war, must always employ dictatorial methods, regardless whether it pretends to be democratic, liberal, social-democratic or any other form; she governs by decree and rules with all her might. It is, therefore, obvious that the CNT-FAI consented to a state and government dictatorship (in essence it is counter-revolutionary) so it should not be obliged to adopt its own dictatorship. That perhaps may have been an act of grace, but it does not show any consistency towards one's own ideals.

And could anyone claim that this solution brought any kind of benefit to the social-revolutionary movement in its struggle against fascism? Perhaps some will contend that it was of great advantage to the anti-Fascist war. Still, the fact remains that they had to accept one form of dictatorship in order to reject the other. If the course upon which they embarked was the only adoptable, the question then arises if our movement ought not alter its stand with regards to taking over the ruling power in general, and dictatorship in particular. Logic demands we should be clear in all these questions and problems.

I have already put forth the following question: If we are prompted to approving state and government, and even serve in them, does it not mean that the State cannot be abolished? Experience from other lands taught us the lesson that, whether we accept the State as a means for dictatorship or for anticipated reform, the State in any event emerges the stronger. Russia started on the road of dictatorship. The dictatorship was to have been a transitory occurrence. But dictatorship inevitably leads towards the raising of a new ruling class that uses the State so it could maintain its strengthened positions. The removal of the State, which the Bolsheviks promised, never materialized. The development of dictatorship is creating within itself a devoted class of people; at first comes the revolution, its purpose being to segregate the order by class so as to gain its freedom. Secondly, the establishing of a proletarian state-power, in order to attain these aims; thirdly, the proletarian state creates a new ruling class (State-bureaucrats, party officials, military leaders, the Tchecha, etc.); fourthly, the state of affairs becomes such that a new revolution is necessary—for the creation of a new proletarian State. In this manner a new following springs up, with new ruling classes and new revolutions; but the final aim of abolishing class-rulership and thus gain the desired freedom is never attained. If the State cannot completely be liquidated by the revolution or in the revolution, then we shall never see our freedom.

(English version from the "Freie Arbeiter Stimme" by S. Polinow)

KILLERS OF PRISONERS: CARCEL MODELO, BARCELONA

PRESIDENTS NEGRIN AND COMPANYS:

In the name of the two hundred anti-fascist prisoners now incarcerated in the Carcel Modelo of Barcelona, we address this protest to you with the hope of its reaching the whole working class of Catalonia through your intermediary.

We are indeed fearfully impressed by the news of our comrades interned in "Labor Camps", and our silence at such a tragic time could be interpreted as cowardice on our part, or we may even be suspected of being accomplices to their tormentors.

Recently hundreds of anti-fascist prisoners have been taken away from the Catalonian prisons and sent to labor camps to take part in the building of fortifications. This measure was entirely arbitrary; moreover no distinctions were made as to whether they were sick, healthy, young or old.

In spite of this injustice these men did not complain; as militants, they could not have refused work assigned to them. Certainly they would have preferred the guns and trenches to the pick and shovel; but they accepted the latter without protestation; the fight against Fascism was their guide. And they were so sincere in their convictions that they went to the labor camps to the tune of revolutionary and anti-fascist songs.

A cruel disillusion awaited them. They were marching to their calvary.

In the labor camps, after one year of arbitrary police and judicial handling, the Tchecha Military Service

of Investigation imposed their methods in the midst of a general dastardliness.

In order to humiliate our comrades for their revolutionary feelings they were submitted to the worst promiscuity; Fascists, anti-Fascists, political and criminal prisoners were all mixed. They were compelled to work in groups of fifteen for eleven hours a day and were forbidden to speak during these hours.

In the labor camps there is a repulsive uncleanness, so much so that many prisoners have contracted various diseases; no medical attention is given them. Moreover they are not allowed to write, receive correspondence or read any publication. They are completely isolated from the rest of the world; their families don't know whether they are dead or alive. The treatment they receive is grossly inhumane—they are beaten with clubs for the most insignificant reason.

The almighty ruler of the labor camp at Ornell de Vagaza, upon the Lerida front, is Astorga, a commanding officer and member of the Spanish Communist Party. He was imprisoned at the Carcel Modelo for seven months. Because of his discord with anti-fascist prisoners he was transferred to the Fifth Gallery designated for Fascists.

Now, this Astorga is the supreme master of the labor camp where his former comrades are incarcerated; he disposes of their lives according to his fancies—no one controls his doings. His power is unlimited, he must answer to no one. His rule is maintained by terror. His bloody instincts have found their complete satisfaction

HAVEN OF REFUGE—WHERE?

(Continued from Page One)

stating that "... the Italian Consul is very much interested in the deportation of this alien and would be only too glad to issue a passport for the alien's return to Italy." But, evidently, the Department wishes to play blind and prefers to ignore the obvious scope of these particulars. As it prefers to ignore the fact that no self-respecting human being would want to take the word of a butcher like Mussolini and his clique of cut-throats.

The Department of Labor wishes to play blind, but the liberal press and the liberty-loving people throughout the country should not. It is high time they realize that this attempted deportation—for its relation to the persecution of MANI—is an attack upon the freedom of the press and a violation of the principle of free thought. It is also a violation of all moral codes and human relations.

The mounting storm of protest must become ever-rising in order to stop the deportation of Vincent Ferrero. At least, in order to obtain for him asylum here so long as bloody Fascism will reign in Italy.

A wave of popular protest and resentment should wipe out of the statute books of this country these infamous deportation laws which constitute a black and bleeding blot on this so little civilized civilization of ours.

Walter Brooks

BARBARISM IN A PRISON CELL

Samuel Polinow

A revolting episode of prison life happened in the City of Brotherly Love—Philadelphia, Pa.

Horrible is hardly the word to describe the brutality of the crime which was committed by the guardians of law and order.

Bestiality is also a lenient term when applied to such a barbaric episode as that which we are going to divulge to our readers.

It happened in the Holmesburg prison of the city of Philadelphia, on August 22. Four prison inmates were found "roasted to death"—yes, actually baked, just as if you would bake a ham. Their names are: Harry Osborne, Joseph Walters, Frank Comodeca and James McQuade.

They were four of a total number of 25 prisoners who, for breaking some prison rule, have been confined to the "torture chamber" for punishment.

The chamber, as the tragedy revealed, was equipped with all sorts of steam pipes and other instruments of torture, reminiscent of ancient dungeons where morbid sadists tortured people for their sins.

To continue. After the men were lodged in the torture cell, the prison guards turned on the boiling steam—especially equipped for this noble purpose—and four of the 25 prisoners were boiled to death.

A more horrible, more dastardly and more savage crime could not have been committed by any cannibal tribe, nor even, we suspect, by the barbaric storm troopers of those ill-reputed concentration camps.

The agony those men went through before passing out from life is indescribable. From other prisoners' testimony that followed the wholesale execution, it was brought out that the miserable creatures were howling, screaming, tearing their hair, banging at the door-bars with their fists and skulls, but none of those brutes assigned as guardians of the law heeded their pleas. Only when the four voices were silenced by death and the others slowly breathing out their last did their morbid minds become suspicious that something terrible might have happened and the doors were slammed open.

Yes, something has happened . . .



After the cell doors were opened, it presented a ghastly scene: Twenty-five charred bodies were dragged out from the cell. Four corpses were sent away to the morgue, and the other 21, their faces distorted almost beyond recognition, taken to the hospital for treatment.

The tragedy, of course, called for an immediate investigation. A Coroner's jury was appointed, and the first who was called to account for the unwarranted crime was the Superintendent of the prison, Mr. William B. Mills.

Then followed the usual political attempt to pass up the whole affair as a mere incident, caused, as one suggested, by some individual's carelessness. The politicians immediately rallied around "their boy" to save his reputation, and what is more important—his job.

The District Attorney, while pretending to cooperate with the Coroner (The Coroner is a Democrat, the others are Republicans) acted in such a manner that it was plainly seen he is trying to obstruct any procedure that would incriminate his pal. One eminent Judge even went so far as to publicly declare that the prisoners died of burns inflicted when they tore the steam pipes from the walls.

In other words, if we should take this Jurist's opinion, the prisoners wanted to make a feast of their own roasted flesh . . .

Fortunately (a lot it matters now to the burned victims) public opinion was so aroused by this hideous crime that it demanded a thorough and complete investigation. As a result, the Superintendent and a few of his affiliates holding jobs in the prison were suspended and held for the Grand jury on a charge of "criminal negligence."

It is doubtful whether a politician of such high rank will be given the punishment he really deserves. The fact is the Board of Prison Inspectors, being vested with full authority over the prisons, failed to remove him from office—until the jury actually forced his removal.

Our guess is that the worst that can happen to these prison officials is an appointment to some other political job. This is the way a politician is compensated when he is due for punishment.

No matter, whether justice will be done or not, the gruesome tragedy that was unveiled in the Holmesburg prison should reveal to the nation at large what brutal methods are employed on inmates of the so-called prison institutions. The frightful death those social outcasts suffered at the hands of legal justice should convince all thinking people that prisons are the last places where human ways can be rectified. It should offer a sound lesson to all those who clamor for more and more jails that a better social order will never come through reforming wayward human beings in prison cells.

At any rate, the smell of those "roasted men" should spread the world over—it is the stench of our whole social make-up.

in the premeditated murder of twelve prisoners.

Here are the facts in all their horror and cruelty:

After two prisoners had made their escape, Astorga ordered all prisoners in the camp to stand in line. He then called out the twelve men who shared the same barrack with the escaped men. None of these twelve prisoners knew anything about the escape; in fact they were not supposed to watch each other. Even if they had had the desire to do so their eleven hours of labor would have made it a physical impossibility. But in spite of all these arguments in their favor the twelve prisoners were dastardly murdered.

We don't know them all, but it will suffice to say that among the twelve murdered prisoners were two young boys 15 and 16 years of age. One of them was a member of the Libertarian Youth and had been sentenced to prison for having distributed hand-bills given out by his organization; the other, a youth named Francisco Pina y Arce was a member of the P.O.U.M., he had been accused of having written upon the prison wall of Barcelona: "Down with hoarders!" and "Free the anti-fascist prisoners!"

The acme of cynicism is that the commanding officer, Astorga, said to the young Pina before the execution, "I regret that the order of your liberation came three days ago." It was true, two days after their departure for the labor camp, they, and all those connected with their case, had been acquitted.

We too are exposed to a near expedition; our lives are continually in danger since we have the audacity to denounce these crimes. But what does it matter! There are times in life when men no longer can remain silent.

For the past two years we have been fighting against Fascism and now we refuse to submit to those who, under another name, wish to destroy us with the same procedures and methods.

In order that the murderers and their Party be forever stamped with the seal of infamy, and their crimes be known in the history of the international proletariat, we fearlessly sign this energetic and painful protestation.

Here follow the signature of two hundred anti-fascist prisoners from various organizations:

The C.N.T., F.A.I., U.G.T., P.O.U.M., Italian Anarchist Group, Rabassar Group, Esquerra Republicana de Catalonia, Jevntud de Izquierda Republicana, The C.N.T. French Group, French Socialist Party, and the German Communist Party of Opposition.

(Translated by J. S.)

WAR

Soldiers killing left and right,
I wonder when they'll stop this fight.

When in Madrid or in other cities
You see children dying, my what a pity.

While the bombers are raining death,
Franco slowly closes his net.

Soldiers shooting, soldiers killing,
More and more blood is spilling.

Then they said with a big sigh:
"We'll never stop until we die."

(10 years old)

ANTEO MARAVIGLIA

PAST STRUGGLES IN SPAIN'S HISTORY

In viewing Spain today, and taking cognizance of the courageous battle put up by the Spanish people, it is necessary to take a swift excursion through Spain's history in order the better to understand Spain's present struggle. It is true that the struggle first began on a national scale, but in the course of the struggle there came open participation by the Fascist powers in the Spanish civil war, and, consequently, the civil war was transformed into a war for liberation.

Hitherto, the great mistake made in viewing the Spanish controversy has been the belittling of that great nation in European affairs, and the inability of journalists to depict Spanish affairs against the logical European background. Because of this lack of perspective, the real significance of that Peoples' struggle for Democracy has been entirely ignored.

It is to be remembered that Spain has always exerted a tremendous influence in world history, first in mediaeval Europe when she drove the Moslem invader slowly back, and then both in Europe and America, when she colonized the greater part of America.

First of all, the contest with Islam in the peninsula itself occupied eight centuries of Spain's existence and did much in forging unity that later led to the expulsion of the Muslim and the reconquest of Spain. At that time the overthrow of Spanish Islam was branded a calamity, and the reconquest of Spain was cast in the mold of denigration and savagery, while the Muslim who had then conquered Spain became the pattern of chivalry itself. But the truth was that battles were continually breaking out, while a ferocious barbarity marked the rule of the various Arab dynasties.

But with the reconquest of Spain and the forging of unity, the peninsula began to grow in power and wealth, until under Ferdinand and Isabel there commenced the colonization of the New World. It was peculiarly true of the time that it should have been Spain, not France or England, that fostered the dreams of Columbus and undertook upon herself the conquest and peopling of American soil. And although this may seem remarkable in view of her present status, it should be remembered that for a hundred and fifty years the Spanish infantry was invincible, while Spanish sailors sailed the seas and revealed their hidden values. From this one is better able to comprehend the importance of Spain as a world power.

And what of Spain's GOLDEN CENTURY, of which history speaks so appraisingly? This great movement that coincided with an extraordinary intellectual, literary, and artistic development, maintained its impetus for nearly two hundred years, and its influence extended all over Europe and even to the New World. This Spanish Renaissance produced literary works that were imitated by all European literatures. The play and the novel provided subjects for French dramatists and novelists for two centuries. Side by side with Cervantes, large numbers of novelists and short-story writers left the most genuine characterization of Spanish society. Then there was architecture, the plastic arts, and paintings by El Greco, Velasquez, Morales, and others—all handed down to modern Spain.

However, all this prosperity was short-lived, for with the importation of precious metals and the consequent fall of currency value and the rise of prices, an economic crisis

gripped Spain that led to her decline as a great power. She was to lose her Italian and American colonies through a series of wars and revolutions that drained her of her resources and left her floundering helplessly. As nearly every country in Europe had fought Spain, it seemed that nearly all Europeans regarded her with the prejudice of their ancestors. Spain was dismissed as of no importance, and was regarded as an example of a nation that had had its day and was now scarcely worth mentioning.

Spain, however, was yet to prove to the world that its destiny was still dependent upon her. In 1808 when Portugal was in French hands, the Prince of Asturias took part in a plot against Godoy and was thrown into prison. He appealed for help to the French Emperor, and Napoleon immediately grasped this opportunity for the invasion of Spain. He succeeded only partially in placing his brother upon the Spanish throne, and on May 2, 1808, Madrid rose against the French, and the war of Independence began. In this great war for liberation, it was the Spanish peasants who achieved the victory that relieved the world by arming themselves and fighting to the death. The heroic efforts of the Spanish, however, received no recognition by the outside world. But to the historian it was surprising the amount of resistance the Spanish people were able to put up in view of the fact that the old army was broken up and that there was a lack of a central authority.

With the defeat of Napoleon, the struggle to retain Spain as a great power seemed ended. And as before Spain was considered a country of no consequence and of no influence in the world. This attitude of indifference towards Spain, and the world's refusal to recognize her importance led once more to a brutal awakening of the importance of Spain in world affairs. As we remember, the World War led to upheavals in one country after the other, the overthrow of Monarchs and the establishment of Republics. But with the post-war crisis, reaction slowly commenced creeping out and enveloping and destroying Democracy in many countries. This reactionary movement slowly took form until it finally gave birth to a strange political and economic form of society whose basis of control made it dependent upon strong-arm methods. These dictatorial forms of government, soon to be called Fascist, and maintained by the most reactionary elements in that country, soon commenced to preach a new crusade, and under the cloak of destroying communism, commenced to permeate and break down Democracies. If it is remembered that Italy and Germany and Austria and other smaller countries capitulated to this new form of autocracy without a struggle, how remarkable it must then seem that in view of Spain's great history that humanity, even civilization itself, should depend upon the outcome of the shameful Fascist intervention in Spanish affairs. Once more Spain finds herself in a position where, as history has always shown her to be, unfortunate in her alliances and disgracefully neglected, she must depend solely upon her own resources and the courage of her great people. The world is yet to find whether Democracy will stand or perish in accordance with the defeat or victory of the Spanish people.

H. Mathews

War is evil and legal justice is an evil.

—ANTON CHEKHOV

THEY DIED—AND YET THEY LIVE

Caesar kept me awake till late at night with the noise (music) of hammers and saws erecting his throne, my scaffold.

—A. R. Parsons, Nov. 11, 1887.

They were seven MEN who lived and loved as few have lived and loved. They lived for humanity which they loved so well.

They were seven MEN who fought and faced the madness and cruelty of tyrants. They were fighters who fearlessly faced their oppressors.

They were seven MEN who dared and died. They dared against all forms of oppression; they dared defiantly and with determination. They died because they dared, because they loved life.

They were seven MEN who were armed with the strongest and most powerful of weapons—courage, understanding, knowledge and the desire to see humanity arise from the abyss of slavery and suppression.

They were seven MEN against a world of injustice, inequality and oppression.

They were seven MEN who died—and yet who live.

Fielden, Parsons, Spies, Schwab, Engel, Lingg, Neebe. A long time has passed—fifty-one years, to be exact—since their names were inscribed on the pages of the social struggle. A long time has passed, and much has happened. We have “progressed”; we have seen new inventions and discoveries. Historians and writers have recorded the events and happenings of civilization. And in the rush of things people have been wont to forget. But time can NEVER erase the names of the Chicago martyrs, for those names have been written indelibly in the minds and hearts of those who seek and struggle for freedom. The names and deeds of those seven men will live in spite of time, for they represent progress at its highest peak; theirs were the voices of humanity in its struggle for existence; theirs were the deeds of MEN who were re-affirming and re-asserting their rights in life.

They were the MEN who died—and yet who live.

Fifty-one years have passed since the time when these men were fighting for the rights of the laboring masses. Much has happened since that memorable Haymarket tragedy where Fielden and Spies uttered their words of wisdom to the strikers in Chicago. Much has taken place in the ranks of labor since the time when Samuel Fielden spoke of the eight-hour day. Much has occurred since Spies dipped his pen in the blood of his dead comrades and wrote: “While we gather here and cry over the loss of our dear ones, the rich sit in their spatial palaces and drink to the bandits of the order. But wipe those tears, mothers. Have courage, slaves. Rebel; Revolt. To the terror of the bandits shall we answer with terror.”

We have had strifes and struggles in the ranks of labor, and they tell us we have had better conditions. We have had labor leaders, but they have been the Comperes, the Lewises and Greens who are “leaders” for the sake of their own careers, leaders who are helping the rulers to further suffocate the workers.

Fifty-one years have passed since the American government wrote one of its blackest pages of history—a page depicting the iniquities and injustices of American democracy. These years have given us ample proof of the intricacies and corruption of this and every governmental system. We have witnessed strikes and riots, famines and depressions; we have been given hand-outs and pills of “relief.” We have been misled into believing that labor leaders are the saviors of the workers. We have been made to think that the ruling descendants of the forefathers of this country understand the principles of freedom and equality. But we have been deceived—by a handful of men who rule the destiny of millions. We have been abused and suffocated by the greed, tyranny and inhumanity of the betrayers of the people. Yet, we must not forget, we CANNOT forget—1887. We see them now as they were then—seven men arising from the throng; we see them holding high the torch of hope for humanity; we see them strong and unafraid in their moment of death and in their days of life.

Time has passed, but little has changed the destinies of man. In reality, existence seems to have become more complicated and complex. Stronger and more destructive weapons are used against us as the hierarchy of rulers feigns to protect our rights.

In the midst of the international scramble for domination and greater power, in the midst of a world-wide “fear” of war which has been temporarily waived and forgotten, in a brutal and ferocious attempt on the part of the international brigands called presidents and premiers, dictators and kings, in the midst of all their hypocrisy and barbarism is spread the black cloak of fascism which is fast covering the world.

In the midst of all this political, social and economic turmoil, the world is again paying tribute to the unknown soldiers of the wholesale massacre which ended in 1918. In their celebration of Armistice Day, the rulers hold the flag of peace in one hand and the weapons of war and destruction in the other. They are celebrating peace and the end of the war to end wars by preparing for greater and worse wars.

In the midst of all this despair and utter hopelessness stand out the courage and determination of the people of Spain who for two years have so bravely fought against the fascist demon. This is the one and only ray of hope that can be found on the twentieth century map of social progress.

On this ray of hope we see the reflection of that light held high and brightly by the martyrs of Chicago who fought—as are fighting the people of Spain—against tyranny, submission and oppression. It is the memory of these men, the memory of all those who have given so courageously and so bountifully for the liberation of mankind, it is the memory of their deeds which is ever and always kept alive in the souls and hearts of the liberty-loving people of the world.

They were the MEN who died—and yet who live.

The martyrs of Chicago have awakened the hearts of many a man during his lifetime. They have been the never flickering flame which has guided many a step along the path of Social Revolution. They have quenched the thirst of many a mouth that has drunk from the fountain of Equality and Justice. They have spurred on the young and old, the strong and feeble.

Today, more than ever, must the memory of the martyrs of Chicago live in the hearts of the youth of the world. Today, when the boys and girls are being prepared for the wars of tomorrow, must we show the manhood of tomorrow that the deeds of those men who mounted the scaffold on November 11, 1887, were deeds of courage, the deeds of men who were fighting for us today as they fought for themselves yesterday. Today, more than ever, when youth is hopelessly struggling to assert itself in a world of chaos and disorder, today, more than ever, must we show this groping youth that their hope for the future lies in their

own strength. They can hope for little through wars; they can expect much less from their rulers who are preparing them for the slaughters of tomorrow.

Today, more than ever, must youth realize that the memory of the martyrs of Chicago brings out a great and important message. To youth, to the phalanx of tomorrow's men, are calling the voices of those seven men of 1886. They are silent voices, but “their silence speaks more loudly than the voices they tried to suffocate.” To youth are calling the voices of courage and hope, the voices of seven men who descended in the depths of humanity to spread their words of guidance and hope. They were the voices of men as unpliant as iron, of men who stood firm and erect in their moments of death as in their days of life. To youth, those voices are calling and telling that it is youth—the effervescent fountain of the future—who must take up the burden in the struggle for the liberation of man.

Fifty-one years ago they died—and yet they live. They died—in vain? No, for their memory still lives with us. No, for we can still hear them as they mounted the scaffold. They stood there—erect and firm; they stood there and fearlessly shouted three words of challenge to the tyrants of the world. They stood there and shouted the battle cry of all the oppressed in their struggle toward Social Revolution. They mounted the scaffold and shouted three words of challenge, words which were to resound for time immemorial. Theirs was the cry: “LONG LIVE ANARCHY.”

Aurora Alleva

Martyrdom Fifty-One Years Back

Times marches on . . .

In May, 1886, strikers at the International Harvester Company plant were clubbed and shot to death by police of the city of Chicago.

A year ago, May, 1937, strikers at the Republic Steel Company plant were clubbed and shot to death by police of the city of Chicago.

History sometimes writes her pages very cynically . . .

Great strides has labor made in the 51-year span from Harvester to Republic. Many concessions has labor wrested from the capitalist world; many “rights” has labor won from the legal representatives of the capitalist class; but today, tomorrow and all times labor will be forced to battle for its economic existence just so long as production will be dominated by individual profiteering.

Fifty-one years ago workers who dared strike for better conditions were subjected to the most merciless clubbing and shooting at the hands of society's legal protectors.

Fifty-one years later (today) workers who dare to strike for better conditions are subjected to the same clubbing and shooting—all “legal” rights and privileges granted them by a New Deal administration notwithstanding.

This was, is, will be the workers' lot under capitalism—or its latest model, fascist domination.

Briefly the story relating to the martyrdom in connection with labor's struggle fifty-one years ago is this: A mass of workers gathered at the Haymarket Square in Chicago to protest the brutal onslaught on strikers of the McCormick Harvester plant, who, in accordance with the freedom granted by the Constitution to all men, had every moral and legal right to rise against economic oppression. It was a lawful assembly—as testified by Carter Harrison, then Mayor of Chicago. But the servants of capitalist law care little about rights of laboring men. They descended upon the peaceful gathering and ordered it to disperse. This provoked resentment from the assembled workers, and in the melee someone threw a bomb in the ranks of the police and killed and wounded several of them.

No one knew, of course, who had thrown the bomb. Immediately after the fatal incident the State of Illinois oiled up its legal machinery and began a rounding up of all suspected radicals known then to be advocating the right of labor to organize, and as a result, an order was issued for the arrest of eight of labor's spokesmen. They were: August Spies, Albert R. Parsons, Louis Lingg, Michael Schwab, Samuel Fielden, George Engel, Adolph Fischer and Oscar Neebe.

The story of the prosecution and conviction of these eight men is known throughout the world. Parsons, Fischer, Engel and Spies were hanged on November 11, 1887. Louis Lingg was torn to bits by a bomb the day before the execution. According to Lucy Parsons, the authorities planted the bomb in order to discredit the world-wide demand upon the state of Illinois to desist from carrying out its judicial murder. The three others were sentenced to imprisonment. Six years later (June 26, 1893) Governor Altgeld reviewed the whole case of the Haymarket affair, and as a result of his findings he pardoned the three prisoners and exonerated the five hanged men.

The esteemed gentleman restored the innocence to the dead martyrs but could not give them back their life.

Verily these eight martyrs were never tried for being guilty of throwing the fatal bomb at the Haymarket Square. The prosecution even admitted as much. But Anarchism in those days was identified by an ignorant public and conspiring press as a “bomb-throwing” doc-

trine and demanded these men, who openly avowed their adherence to the Anarchist philosophy, be brought to trial. It was Anarchism that stood trial in 1887. The prosecution openly proclaimed it so, and the defenders did not deny it. They most emphatically repudiated the charge by the State that they had thrown any bombs.

The true facts in the case that led to their arrest and conviction were simply these: it was claimed they had in the past engaged in spreading incendiary and seditious propaganda—and that was enough cause for the State to seal their doom. And so it was that when they were brought to stand before a prejudiced court and judges they openly and defiantly declared that they were not paying with their lives for any crime they had committed but for their ideals they held out for a liberated humanity.

Their exoneration on June, 1893, substantiated this declaration.

Fifty-one years have elapsed since August Spies and his comrades walked to the gallows. Bravely they ascended the trap where the noose was to silence their lives forever. Courageously, truly believing in the noble ideals for which they were being crucified, Spies flung those memorable words that became indelible in the minds of all thinking men: “There Will Come a Time When Our Silence Will Be More Powerful Than the Voices You Are Strangling Today.”

It was a challenge to the exploiters and rulers and at the same time a message to all that stand for liberty and justice that the principles and ideas for which they fought and died shall not have been in vain.

Did labor accept the challenge when the police of Chicago repeated the bloody onslaught upon the strikers of Republic in May, 1937? Did the workers let their voices be heard against this brutal slaughter of their brothers? Did our modern leaders, who swarm the labor offices for their pay-envelopes, call a protest meeting against this butchery of fellow workers?

The answer is an emphatic NO. True, Mr. Lewis threatened officials responsible for the massacre with court action, but that is as far as it went. A trial was staged, a jury deliberated and the police were adjudged “not guilty” of the horrible crime they have committed against laboring men.

Neither organized labor nor the habitual “flag wavers” of the oncoming revolution responded to the call of the dead martyrs. Quietly the murdered workers were carried away to their graves, without anyone raising a potent voice against this horrible massacre.

We of the Anarchist movement have never lost memory of those noble comrades of ours from the day their Voices have been Strangled. Like living statues they stand before us in their mythical silence; they are pointing to a new Dawn which they envisioned on that memorable day when the State of Illinois took life away from them. Fifty-one years have passed since then. And on this day of November 11, 1938, we are once again commemorating their martyrdom. Their death will ever be mourned by all those who believe, as they believed, is the emancipation of the human race. The candle light shall never extinguish from the graves where those noble spirits that fell victim to malice and persecution are entombed. From our thoughts and our hearts their ideals shall never depart. And the torch of light which they enkindled on those who lived to carry on their ideals shall ever brighten the road to freedom.

*Bravely they thought,
Bravely they lived,
Bravely they fought,
Bravely they died.*

Samuel Polinow

A TALK ON ANARCHISM

Gerhard Rynders

—Well, how is your party progressing?
—Our party?
—Yes, your anarchist party?
—We have no party, yet we are slowly but surely progressing.

—Still you must admit that you would progress much faster if you had a well-organized party.

—But we don't want any party!
—Nevertheless, you strive for something along that line?

—No! We neither strive for a party nor for anything like it.

—However, you Anarchists wish to increase your ranks?

—Positively, but the increase we are looking for is in accordance with thought and action. We have a deep dislike for party recruiting. And, indeed, what are parties? Often, too often, they are only repeated gatherings of all kinds of people around a certain notion, a war-cry, a banner, or any fancy that may come along. When a party grows to power it brings nothing but tyranny. Party members form biased, prejudiced cliques of petty sectarians, who, when they stand in the way of the rulers are dispersed like flocks of wild geese. Our object as Anarchists is to inspire the people with our principles.

—Properly speaking, you form a divine congregation?

—Absolutely not. We neither depend upon or clique with each other; and above all, we preach no Gospel.

—What the heck do you do then?
—We go among the people, call their attention to the evils and injustices of which they are the victims; we try to make them understand that life could be much happier if they were free and if every man could place himself above the lawfulness, customs, and public opinion.

—And you expect to reach such a goal only through talk?

—No, not by talk alone—though we consider talk as a great factor. We carry our principles into practice wherever and whenever possible.

—Can it be done?

—Certainly. In their various activities our people strive to obtain the full product of their toil; they oppose the idlers' parasitism, and the inequality of the material value of labor.

—What do you mean by the inequality of labor's material value?

—We oppose the fact that in one line of activity one should be better remunerated than someone in another line; naturally we are not making use of a druggist's scale or a microscope. We also distinguish between "bosses" and "bosses." Workers will toil in harmony with a little boss who is free from the cunning of greed. In such a case we see that he does not increase his exploitation and leave us in the lurch. Thus we always resist by talk and action, getting stronger and stronger as solidarity grows around us.

—What about your daily life?

—We live above the law in free unions recognizing the complete freedom of both sexes according to humane duty. We don't overstep any regulation beneficial to human welfare—but in regard to others, which are inhuman and unjust, we ceaselessly protest against them and through our action we try to weaken and abolish them.

—Then your principles are of a destructive and criminal nature?

—Surely there may come malefactors in our movement who seek to cover their misdeeds with our principles; while naturally, the worst of the felons do not try to cover their crimes. But through our doctrine, they learn that we are above the law in righteousness and humanity, and so they either change for the better or vanish—for we make it somewhat unpleasant for them. Here let us mention an instance: The Catholic church flourishes with her confession and absolution in spite of its many criminals. To what extent does the church harbor, save, and help them without reforming them?

—You speak of "our movement," consequently, you have something like a party?

—Not in any way. We have free groups of workers and propagandists. We regularly issue our papers, publications and books; we hold meetings and so forth. That is what we call our movement. And very much is offered for the movement even though everything is offered voluntarily and in accordance with our feelings and attraction of the moment.

—Now, what about the revolution? You also call yourselves revolutionary.

—We don't make any revolution. However, when it will come about, naturally and spontaneously, like the turbulent waters of a river which destroys its dams and goes on a rampage, we shall be at our posts ready to sail along and guide it in the direction of freedom and equal justice for all.

—Do you expect your movement to be successful? If so, when?

—We have no illusion and do not calculate on prospects. We just keep working. But when the present powerful parties and churches will have disappeared

from the face of the earth, we will still be here. And when poverty will take a stand against wealth, when men will honor truth instead of lies, reality instead of fancy, individual freedom in lieu of servitude, there and then Anarchism will triumph.

Yes, but . . .

—You wish to know more about it? You want me to answer more questions. If you care for freedom and justice read our press and become familiar with our literature!

(Translated from "De Vrije Socialist" by Jules Scáreriaux)

Bakunin's Thoughts on Marxism

Marxian Dictatorship

I can conceive of crowned and uncrowned despots dreaming of becoming sole rulers of the world; but what shall I think of the workers' friend, a revolutionist who, while seriously pretending to work for their liberation, poses as a supreme director and arbitrator of the world-wide revolutionary movement, and dares to think of the masses' subjection to his own unique thought?

I think that Marx is a serious revolutionist, and consequently I wonder why he does not realize that the stabilization of a collective or individual world-wide dictatorship to control the world revolution and regulating the masses' insurrectional movement, would be enough in itself to kill the revolution and paralyze every popular movement. Who is the man, or group of men, endowed with whatever genius they may be, who dare to boast themselves as being able to comprehend the infinite multitude of interests, tendencies and activities so different in every locality. These various interests give birth to the great common aspirations and fundamental principles rooted in man's conscience; they contribute the material for the future social revolution.

Masses and Classes

Marx's platform contains an expression very much disliked by us revolutionary Anarchists who are boldly working for complete emancipation. He applies the expression "Class" to the workers, instead of to the masses. And this means nothing else but the formation of a new aristocracy composed of city workers, and the exclusion of millions of peasants who, according to the proviso of the German social-democrats, would really become the subjects of the so-called great popular State. Class, Power and State, are three inseparable terms, each one strengthening the other two and together meaning: the political subjection and the economic exploitation of the masses.

The Marxists think that just as in the last century the bourgeois class dethroned the nobles, and assumed the exploitation of the workers and peasants themselves, today, the city proletariat is called upon to dethrone the bourgeois class and take over the domination and exploitation of the peasants.

It is to the peasants that is left the final revolt which will forever destroy Class, Power and the State.

The Marxian State

In considering the economic question, Marx infers that the countries in which modern capitalist production has reached the highest development are the most

fertile grounds for a social revolution. Excluding all others, he claims that these industrially advanced countries are the only ones called upon to initiate and direct a revolution. He foresees the revolution as a violent and successive expropriation of landowners and capitalists by the State, a State, which, to be able to fulfill its important economic and political mission, will have to be economically strong and well armed. The State will direct and manage the land through the efforts of well-disciplined appointed engineers. Upon the ruins of the present banking system, will rise an organization to embrace Labor and National Commerce.

At first glance, we understand that a plan of such an apparently simple organization can entice the imagination of workers who are more eager for justice and equality than for freedom, and who foolishly think that justice can exist without freedom; and that to conquer and consolidate justice and equality they can count upon the elected rulers selected from their ranks. In reality it would be a regime of barracks in which the uniformed masses would eat, sleep and work according to the beating of a drum, while others enjoying the privileges of government favor, would reap the benefits of government sinecures.

Il Risveglio Ed. Note: This description of what a Marxian State would be is truly prophetic and no one could say that there is any exaggeration, when one considers the frightful bloody character of the Stalin regime in Russia.

(Translated from "Il Risveglio" by J. S.)

THE ACHIEVEMENT OF UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE

The "right to vote" is a "right" in which the none too thoughtful take so much pride and which succeeds in placing the voters in the predicament of not knowing for whom to cast their ballot.

It remained for Mayor Kenneth Simmons of Milton, Wash., to prove that often enough the voters "have no idea whom they support." The story, as related in Time magazine of Sept. 26, 1938, is as follows:

"Fifty-one voters of Milton, Wash. (Tacoma suburb) last week marked their ballots for one Boston Curtis, Republican candidate for precinct committeeman. Boston Curtis was elected. Milton's Mayor Kenneth Simmons, a Democrat, chorled hugely. He, who had sponsored Candidate Curtis and filed his papers, had proved his point that voters 'have no idea whom they support.' Boston Curtis is a large brown mule."

What a compliment towards the achievement of Universal Suffrage!

On The Block

◆ Prick up your ears boys, and you shall hear something you've never heard before: In the City of New York a certain Mr. Dewey discovered a man who took graft.

Now, ain't that the cats? . . .

◆ Hear ye! Hear ye! all savage men who still live in the African wilds. If you want to get the blessings of civilization, by all means invite Hitler or Mussolini to knock you off with their bombs and bullets. We saw an editorial in the New York Times, telling of the great benefits it will then be awaiting you . . .

◆ Those British are certainly an altruistic people; they'll sacrifice anybody's country for the cause of peace. . .

◆ Our Santa, too, has a message for the people living in the year 6939. Here it is, folks:

To My Dear Unknown Compatriots:—

If you wish to have a real glimpse of our civilization do not be misled by the fine epistles about our culture and invention, which our intellectuals have deposited in the metal tube. Instead, I would advise you to look up our Sunday Comics and our stench bombs; you shall then have a true picture of our beautiful world in 1938.

With kind and personal regards from Hitler and Mussolini, I am

Yours for better bombs and cheaper gas . . . Santa Panta.

P.S.—How do you treat your little children? In our civilization we feed them candy and bullets. . .

◆ That fellow, Mr. Dies, must be color-blind. All he could see is "red" . . .

◆ Believe it or not, somewhere on the European continent over five hundred million people are frightened by a pair of mustache . . .

◆ "The Germans", roared Goering, "are a cultured people."

Well, we've heard there were some cultured people in Germany, but we had never suspected Goering of being one of them. . .

MAN!

A Monthly Journal of the Anarchist Ideal and Movement

MARCUS GRAHAM, Editor

Subscription Price: \$1.00 per year, 6 months-50c Sample Copies Free Upon Request.

MAN! invites the collaboration of all workers and artists who are in sympathy with our ideas to send us essays, poems, and drawings. No payment can be made. Where return of manuscript is desired sufficient postage should be included.

Administration and Editorial Address

MAN!

P. O. Box 971

Los Angeles, Calif., U.S.A.

CORRESPONDENCE and DISCUSSION

Give me the liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely according to conscience, above all liberties.—JOHN MILTON.

A COMMUNICATION FROM THE CNT-FAI

We must state that we have been greatly surprised by the return of your paper and believe that it must be due to the ill will of some employee of the P. O. We say this because we have been receiving always the copies sent by you to the address of this Office. That means that the entrance of your periodical in Spain must not have been forbidden, otherwise we wouldn't have been receiving them. However, we thank you for sending us the paper and will complain to the P. O. in order that your paper be not interfered with in the mails in the future.

The return of the bundle addressed to Rafael Carballo may be the nasty work of some "stool pigeon" employed in the P. O., an enemy of the anarchist movement. We cannot think of any other reason for the return.

We read with great interest your publication and feel very grateful for your frequent reproduction of matter from our "Bulletin of Information." We had it suspended for a few weeks owing to an accident met by its editor, but publication of same is renewed this week.

From this Office we will ask all our periodicals to place your address on their mailing lists. But we wish to warn you not to be surprised if you fail to receive some Spanish papers for there are many elements who seem to be interested in the sabotage of everything going out from this side of Spain. From time to time we will send you a parcel with printed matter that may be useful for your paper.

We hope you will be able to overcome the injustices that the American judges are doing to you and that the pages of your publication will continue publishing its vibrant calls to the workers of America to come to our side and help us to defeat international fascism.

With fraternal greetings,

Confederacion Nacional del Trabajo
Federacion Anarquista Iberica
by the Office of Exterior Propaganda
MARTIN GUDELL
Manager

(It is now more than a year since MAN! has received any anarchist exchanges from Spain, except the Bulletin of Information. Evidently some officials of the Loyalist Spain are responsible for this, just as they were for notifying the U. S. Post Office that MAN! is prohibited, and which order has seemingly been rescinded. Our comrades in Spain will now have to see to it that their exchanges reach us as well.—EDITOR)

"MAN!", SAMUEL POLINOW, AND ANARCHO-SYNDICALISM

Editor MAN!:

What went wrong with "MAN"? Your last issue disappointed me—I've always admired your publication as a revolutionary journal.

Samuel Polinow apparently advocates anti-fascist fascism—or condensed Kremlinism—in dealing with Fascism. To fight Hitler and Mussolini he agrees to use every one of their weapons bar one—race-hatred (Ray Goodheart really advocates this in "Anarchists like Poets are Born not Made": two jumps behind)

The programme of the International Working-Men's Association sounds more reasonable: boycott and embargo on oil, petrol, arms etc., which injures no one and only stops aggression. (1)

As to Marcus Graham, I don't get him at all. Surely anarcho-syndicalism is the proletarian conception of anarchism, as distinct from anarchist-communism as advocated by Kropotkin for the peasant herd of Russia. Industrialism has come—it can be for good. Industrialism means organization—Industrial Organization plus anarchism is anarcho-syndicalism (2).

There is still need for an uncompromising anarchist section to direct the anarcho-syndicalist unions, agreed. Logically, a totalitarian government will try to suppress the anarchist section first, particularly as the unions will be larger in number. We have, in Europe, direct examples in the CNT-FAI (Spain) and the CGT-SR-FAF (France) and you have more in Latin America, of syndicalist-anarchist organizations. "Swallowing-up" talk is, honestly, a traditional trend.

Granted syndicalist-anarchism is a dual mass movement, the only thing to prevent our victory would be that which prevented the CNT-FAI from maintaining theirs—Fascism and Anti-Fascism. (3)

Organized labour can stop war. But should it enter in an Anti-Fascist war if it does come? My view is, we must wait for the clash between Fascism and Anti-Fascism—"when thieves fall out. . ." The revolution comes first, long before anti-Fascism. Samuel Polinow will probably disagree, but the issue is not Fascism but Socialism, as opposed to Capitalism.

Time is getting short and we are the last Socialists left, but the issue is the same. Otherwise, whoever wins, the worker loses.

With fraternal greetings,

ALBERT MELTZER

(1) Undoubtedly our collaborator, comrade Samuel Polinow, will answer for himself.

(2) MAN! sees no need for anarcho-syndicalism in order for the oppressed to achieve emancipation. The anarchist ideology is in itself sufficient in order to achieve this.

(3) Comrade MelTZer speaks of a C.N.T.—F.A.I. victory, whereas MAN! is concerned with the victory of the Social

Revolution. That is wherein our comrades in Spain make their chief mistake.

Whenever any movement begins to speak as victor in a Social Revolution, the Social Revolution itself becomes of secondary importance. Each revolutionary movement should have the fullest freedom to advocate its ideology within the surging Revolution, but never to attempt in placing itself above it.—EDITOR

* * *

A LETTER FROM AUSTRALIA

I am fighting a lone battle in Australia. There is no Anarchist movement here, so I do my best.

The Catholic Church is strong in Australia: it has full control of the Labour Party, and it is impossible for anyone outside the Catholic Church to be elected as a Labour member of Parliament. Thus one can understand how the Labour members crawl to the Priests. The Catholics openly boast of being out to capture Australia for the Papacy.

Last Labour Day I walked with the Boat Operator's Union of which I was one of the founders. I was allowed to carry the Red Flag, which had the word Anarchy written on it. Some cheered, but most of the people were silent.

On May Day I carried a small banner which had written on it: The Godless, Long Live Anarchy.

Although I am in my 76th year I am still doing propaganda. I always say that I shall die an Anarchist and Atheist because that is based on reason and common sense.

I see that you are fighting an uphill battle, and hope you will succeed.

Sometimes I think that a new race will have to be born as the world at present is insane. Some day the People may arrive at an age of reason.

I do not know how you are situated in America, but in Australia doing anarchist propaganda is like crying in the wilderness. I have seen our movement rise and fall in Australia. Some comrades have joined the Labour Party and got political jobs. They didn't possess enough will power.

I shall continue to the end which must come soon. I have this satisfaction: I have lived my own life and fought for Freedom.

Long Live Anarchy!

J. W. FLEMING

* * *

A LETTER FROM NEW YORK

Fascism has really existed through the ages, dictating

through forcefully defending all sorts of tyrannical reigns. Luckily, a part of humanity has always been ready to resist tyranny, even at the point of personal sacrifice. Every bit of progress that mankind has made could thus be traced back from the days of the caveman to the present.

The state of things look quite gloomy at the moment, the more so when one observes the political arena: workers instead of seeking a direct road to emerge out of their enslavement and become conscious of their creative force and human rights to adjust their own life, are leaving it to politicians to decide their destiny. The fact that politicians sail under the cloak of a Labor Party, Socialist or Communist Party matters not at all.

If one looks for a ray of hope, one can only find it among the rising Libertarian youthful forces within the Anarchist movement. These forces are active on many fronts, convincingly defending and expounding the ideas of anarchism. Some are engaged in the publishing of publications, others in the distribution of literature, staging of plays to aid anarchist causes and the spreading of education in general.

One of these youthful groups, the Youth Group, recently presented the famous "War-Brides," by Marion Craig Wentworth. For amateurs their playing qualified comparison with professional actors. It was their artistic skill that kept us all spell-bound, drawing us into the very life they portrayed. They were so realistic in the portrayals of their characters that each of us felt as if in the clutches of the war-hysteria. The enthusiastic applause compensated fully their labors.

With such inspiring work by our rising youth—the hope for the ultimate triumph of Freedom—cannot be doubted.

A. ROGAT

* * *

WORLD COMRADES COLONY PLAN

The word Anarchism is but another name for intelligence and honor of the highest order. If the theory of Anarchism will not work in practice it is not useful to the progress of mankind's struggle.

With this criterion as a basis the World Comrades have begun the formation of a colony, with a program that will stand the test of time, and have men of integrity and experience who volunteer their labors.

We desire to hear from all such who may be interested in our plan, and will gladly furnish all such with a detailed outline of our program.

Address: World Comrades, Lewiston, Idaho.

Book Review

movement, and especially so to those of our comrades in Spain who have submerged themselves within the State.

Comrade Read contends though, that: "wherever anarchism is a considerable political force, as in Spain, it is combined with syndicalism." This is certainly true as far as becoming a political force is concerned. But what has been left of the anarchism of our comrades in Spain once they threw overboard their anarchist concepts towards the State as the enslaver and protector of other interests than those of the people? The last chapters of the tragic position in which our comrades in Spain have placed themselves by their compromises as yet has not been written. But the handwriting is upon the wall. Amidst the heroic defence that the people of Spain are putting up against the fascist bandits of the world, those of us who see this are refraining from pointing it out as bluntly and pointedly as we would wish to.

Those that have not forgotten anarchist principles as expounded by Godwin, Bakunin and Stirner cannot condone what is trying to pass today under the cloak of anarchism in Spain.

Since Comrade Read is greatly influenced by the current events in Spain it is not surprising to find him writing this:

"In short, real politics are local politics. If we can make politics local, we can make them real. For this reason the universal vote should be restricted to the local unit of government, and this local government should control all the immediate interests of the citizen. . . . His remoter interests—questions of co-operation, intercommunication, and foreign affairs—should be settled by councils and the syndicates."—P. 92.

As can be seen, Comrade Read, after having fully embraced anarcho-syndicalism, finds himself forming a union between syndicalism and the State—just as it has been formed in Spain. But one is prompted to ask: In a set-up such as outlined by Comrade Read, what remains of the anti-State principles that form the main basis and raison d'être of the anarchist philosophy?

There can be but one answer: Nothing at all.

What Comrade Read suggests is nothing less than an anarcho-syndicalist State. Wherein such a State would differ from a capitalist or marxian State Comrade Read fails to point out.

Frankly, I was deeply depressed by the terrible chaotic flow of compromises by which our new recruit, Comrade Herbert Read, has been influenced as a direct result of the actions of our comrades in Spain and as the above quotations amply show.

Nevertheless, despite my critical remarks on those thoughts of Comrade Read with which I find myself in disagreement, I wish to emphasize that the soul-essence of "Poetry and Anarchism" is pro-anarchist. As such, it is bound to have a thought-provoking influence in the spreading of our anarchist philosophy for a long time to come.

Marcus Graham

In the October issue I reviewed "Anarchism and Poetry" by Herbert Read. I chiefly dwelt upon all those phases that contributed towards bringing its author to openly accept the Anarchist philosophy. I expressed my enthusiasm over the book as a whole, an enthusiasm that I still retain. I return to some phases of this unusual volume that call for a critical examination and questioning. Writing on the subject of industrialism, the author asserts:

"The ethical anarchism of Bakunin has been completed by the economic syndicalism of Sorel. There may still be ethical anarchists of the Tolstoyan type who are convinced that we must reverse the whole tendency of our technical development and return to handicraft and individual workmanship. But the more realistic anarchist of to-day has no desire to sacrifice the increased power over nature which modern methods of production have developed. . . . these methods of production promise a greater degree of individual freedom than has ever hitherto been secured by mankind."—P. 71.

The ethical basis of anarchism is its most valuable and beautiful asset. If one throws this overboard, one must naturally fall back on pure materialism. Comrade Read would be more correct if, in the first sentence just quoted, he had written: "The ethical anarchism of Bakunin has been supplanted by the marxian, materialist economic syndicalism of Sorel." For anarcho-syndicalism is nothing more than economic marxism.

In accepting industrialism as a basis for a free society, those who do so fail to realize that no true society is possible where industrialism will prevail. For industrialization requires administrators; that is leaders. And where there are leaders, the masses will always be more misled than led. True fellowship between man and fellow-man becomes an impossibility.

When Comrade Read confers the title of "ethical" upon the pro-handicraft and individual workmanship anarchist, he delivers the strongest argument against his own emulation of industrialism.

Comrade Read very abruptly disposes of Bakunin when writing:

"I do not say we must go back to Bakunin—you find many noble sentiments in his writings, and his life was immensely heroic, but he has no practical message for the present age. . . . wherever anarchism is a political force, as in Spain, it is combined with syndicalism. Anarcho-syndicalism is a clumsy mouthful, but it describes the present-day type of anarchist doctrine."—P. 82.

Those who have made a study of the works of Bakunin need hardly be told how unjust the evaluation of Bakunin is. (In order to realize this, the reader need but peruse, for example, the small essay on dictatorship by Bakunin that appears elsewhere in this issue.) I do not know of any anarchist theoretician that foresaw more clearly all the pitfalls that we witness today in every marxian faction than did Bakunin. And what he propounded re-marxian authoritarianism applies just as appropriately to the economic marxism of the anarcho-syndicalist

ART and LITERATURE

Art and Life

Art—many are inclined to say—is a luxury that is being produced by and for the upper class; only a class that is free from material want can produce and likewise appreciate the arts.

These high-polished aristocrats sometimes confuse the very significance of art: many a quantitative situation turns qualitative in their misconception. To put it bluntly: Because the materially-provided class produces and enjoys (and even then not always) more of the finer things in life they deduce from it that art is a luxury belonging solely to that class, which had devised it specifically so it would enrich and illuminate its own existence.

The rich, materially-provided class eats more diversified food than does the poor class; it contrives certain relishing, especially-prepared delicacies—sometimes very nourishing, but more often than not very injurious and unenriching—so as to create an appetite for its satiated, over-stuffed belly. But the food itself the rich did not invent, and the coarse food of the poor, who digest it with hungry, normally-craving organs, creates a better appetite and nourishes them more than do the fanciful menus of the rich.

As with the food, so it is with art—not the slightest difference. Art is just as an elementary and accompanying-factor in life as food is. The richest language of a most cultured people finds its roots not only in primitive expression and word-articulation of the wildest African origin, but even in the sounds uttered by animal and bird. It is as with the ladder described in the Pentateuch, that with one end it stands on the ground and with the other it reaches—unto heaven. The same applies to the art: Goethe's most beautiful sonnets are only the heavenly-reaching peaks of the ladder that stretches earthward in the song of arborial man while he is at work, or hunting for prey, or indulging in love.

Art, it is said, mirrorizes life. Very true. Not as a mirror, to be sure, but as the language, as human gesticulation. Art reflects life as a function of life; life expresses itself in art; art is one of the forms in which life lives itself out. There is no man living who does not produce and also enjoys art. There is only a distinction as to what degree, in what grandeur, of what merit. One breathes enough air in his manly chest, another less—because of his ill-developed lungs; one inhales the fresh air from the mountains, another—the damp air from an unventilated cellar; but without breathing life is not possible. The art-function—in its actual productiveness or passive delightfulness—is just as elementary as the function of breathing. We know this not only from the history of art that relates about the sculpture of the cave-men, of music and lyrics from the arborial tribes—that can be discovered by any one if he will only take the trouble to mingle with a group of common folk at their work, at their rest period or at their recreation, and keep his eyes and mind concentrated on them. These people—either join in a folk melody which they remember from long ago (actually they are enjoying art), or they create art in the form of humor, by relating certain incidents, by characterizing certain types of people, or by portraying certain experiences of life in a vivid and lurid form. And when one of them detracts his mind from his work to fix his gaze upon the horizon, in the magnificent shadow-dance of the twilight, he beholds its flickering colors far deeper than his gaze could reach (he sees it also through his soul)—that is living within art; it is a producing delightfulness like all creative-acts.

As the Earth is surrounded with air, so is human life surrounded with art. The distinction lies only in the degree, either in its intensiveness or in its technicality. There is an art-productivity that is comparable to the human speech in a secluded space or in a human's inner self: the words are audible to no one, they leave no echo, they do not live through the moment—but only in the memory of the person that uttered them. There is an art that is comparable to one conversing with other people: his words escape the individual limitations and are transmitted to others where they continue living. There is an art comparable to the speech expressed in a letter that can reach all over, that becomes eternal (if we should understand the word relatively) in the written artistic word.

Art is life-function. Like every function it can be led to its ultimate form (relatively speaking) and can also be distorted or dulled beyond recognition. One thing is impossible though: its entire disappearance from life. Naturally, insofar as all function attains its ultimacy, its thoroughness, life, too, attains its ripeness, its ultimate end, and—the opposite, but every function of life goes through an organic process and such process (organic) cannot happen mechanically, enforced by outward conditions; it must entail objectivity—and expression of organic necessity. The ultimacy of art cannot be measured by her definite purpose or form she assumes, because the function of art is eternal; the purpose which fulfills this function, is dictated by life, whom the art-function serves as a means to live out its existence.

Drinking is essential for the organism. Yet, in summer, when the body eliminates through perspiring much or its moisture, it requires more liquid than it does in winter; in summer time we take to cold drink, in winter time we prefer warm drinks.

Only irrational beings with dull minds can infer that poetry—that is, love-harping—expresses either the fear of death or the joy of spring. Poetizing is the outcry of the soul, but the meaning of that clamor is dependent upon the seasonal-equinox in which the soul finds consolation from her torments. One cannot decree that the outcry of the soul for freedom is a political scheme, and that for love—is practical. There are times when love for freedom is stronger in man than his craving for pleasure-love, and in such

condition a human being will create or appreciate revolutionary literature and remain utterly indifferent to love-stories. All those who might raise a rumpus that art is being degraded, that art is being assassinated, that life itself is being cheapened, will only prove that they have no conception of her deep significance, of her organic closeness to life, her living life-function.

When man is satiated, provided with his elementary livelihood necessities, he then has more opportunity to ponder over his intimate love-affairs—in the beautiful nuances of his vibrating complacency; on the other hand, when man has to struggle for his material existence he is then only on rare occasions able to follow the music of his soul. If one is apt to complain about the political time-topics of present-day literature, let him lodge his complaint to present-day life, which politics has ordained for him; the organic life that vibrates in art, and which is not an orange-blossom, but only a life-function, expresses the very life-complex, the life-cares,—the whole essence of living.

There are yet today regions and land communities where traffic facilities are the covered-wagon and the donkey. But when we speak of our modern communication facilities—of the facilities which determine the character and the destiny of our time—we allude to the locomotion and the aeroplane. So it is with the art of our time, the art that characterizes it,—not George Kaiser's and Leonard Franko's decadent love-romances, but Cilen's and Glazier's political time-novels.

Our time-topics, usually considered as being tendential, are the very tendencies of our life that look for expression

and find refuge in the art, for art and life are organically related as food and life, or as breathing is essential in order to live.

Ordinarily people will agree that without breathing we cannot survive, but without art—yes. That, however, is erroneous: So long as the human being breathes, he creates and likewise enjoys art. The error lies in man's combining his conception of art with her definite expression: with the book, the statue and the orchestral symphony. He forgets, or rather he has not as yet discovered, that when his view is attracted by a cloud-phenomena he then creates and also enjoys art; likewise when he is carried away by reality, thinking phantastically about all the good for himself and the bad for enemies; likewise when he is humming a melody that fits his mood and fancy; likewise when he is overwhelmed by a feeling of compassion for the fate of another or even his own; likewise, when he admires with extreme pleasure the shape of a beautiful woman or the action of one who is involved in a struggle for freedom. As soon as we notice the more ideal, the more deep-felt, the true altruistic qualities in a human being or in a movement; as soon as his thoughts and desires find expression in his uppermost phantasy—we have before us the functional art sensation.

It isn't enough to say that art is not possible without life, because her object is the mirrorization of life; we may also say that life is not possible without art, because it separates it from itself in the main process as one of the functions that creates our phenomenal life, through which life lives itself out as—life.

I. Rapoport

(English version by S. Polinow)

PUNCH PRESS

That's Tony over by the assembly bench—him with the black hair that's whistling now. They just have him on assembly and sometimes he helps with shipping. Tony used to be on the punch-press, but he hasn't the speed any more. Not with only a thumb left on his right hand. You need all your fingers and then some on a punch-press, especially this one.

All the stuff around here is like that. We got the whole loft full of multiple drills and presses, all rebuilt machines, old models. Over there is where they spray the frames when we get them finished. The big fan in the shield sucks the spray in so it don't line our lungs, and it ought to have a pipe to take the fumes up to the roof. Anyway, the Old Man is bighearted, like I say, and don't want his workers getting lung troubles—so he stands it in front of an open window and lets it blow out on the street.

Tony and me used to tell the Old Man he should get some new stuff, anyway a new punch-press. This one hasn't a safety guard, and the belt keeps slipping off the flywheel. But every time we tell him, he laughs and says, hasn't he been working the same machine over ten years, and nothing happened?

Anyway, that winter we hit into a flock of tough orders in the heavy season. On a lot of it our standard stuff won't go, and there's a lot of trimming. One day there's a big job on dark-room lights, and the corners we use for soldering are too big. We need the things about a quarter-inch shorter on one end, near a thousand of them, and Tony's the fastest man on the punch-press, so the foreman puts him on.

All morning he goes along at a good clip and when we knock off for the coffee and sandwiches he's got pretty near eight hundred done, so we can start soldering in the afternoon. But twice in the morning I see the belt flop off the flywheel, last time just before lunch, and Tony lets it lay till he's through eating. Tony's nervous about it; rhythm is the whole thing on a punch-press. You got to keep going with the machine—in, power, out—and with these little corners it's tough. You can flip them out with a screwdriver after you trim them, but it's too slow. Tony puts his fingers over the edge and has the trimmed piece out and another in before that steel edge comes down.

Before we start back at it the Old Man comes in and we show him the press with the belt off again. He just tells Tony, put it back on, and goes back in the office. Well, we turn on the power, and dig into the work. From where I am on the drill, I can see Tony bent over the press trimming the last hundred or so. Then he sort of gasps and kicks the stool back, and little corners go sprinkling all over. "It's got my fingers!" He backs away from the press, staring at his hand—his right hand, with the blood coming out the finger-stumps like from a pump.

I cut out the power and run over to him, hold his hand over the sink and spill a whole bottle iodine on it, while he keeps staring at the fingers. It got every one but the thumb—just stumps, with the bones cracked off and sticking out at the end.

I put him on the freight elevator and take him over to the hospital in a cab. I see that they'll take care of him and then come back to the shop. Sure the Old Man felt bad about it; Tony was a fast worker.

It's more than five months before Tony comes back to the shop. It took that long for the hand to heal up, and now he's pretty slow on the machines. So about a month after Tony is back they put this kid Sonny into the shop. Sonny is a tall, thin kid and acts like he never saw a machine before in his life. He don't even know how to hold a file. Anyway, we figure the Old Man must know what he's doing, and the foreman says we should take it easy and break the kid in on assembly. He's sort of clumsy with the tools, and awful slow

getting the hang of things, but with Tony's hand all mashed like that, and him leary of the punch-press, it's good to have an extra hand around even if it is the kid.

So everything runs along smooth-like, except the foreman slits his pinky showing Sonny how safe the machines are. We get on into the winter season and the heavy orders start coming in. We cut down lunch-hour, and work nights filling orders. The shop is short-handed, and we keep telling the Old Man he needs another man or else get some new machines, and we mean a new punch-press, we tell him. He stares at us as if we got a terrible nerve telling him how to run his shop, and belly-aches about "high replacement costs" or something, and says maybe next year.

So we work overtime on the same old junk, turning out enough stuff for an outfit twice our size. Half the time we don't know if we are on our head or our heels, and the foreman is going nuts trying to keep some kind of system in the place. It must have got him, a little, or I don't think it would have happened that afternoon.

It was about three in the afternoon, like I say, when I look up from my work and I figure the foreman is crazy sure, because Sonny is on that punch-press. Then it happens. I see that confounded machine make a double-stroke and come down on the kid's hand. He lets out the most gosh-awful scream I ever heard, and falls over against the table, faints dead away. Tony is sitting at the assembly bench and looks over, and you can see that Sonny's hand is all mashed up—his right hand, I mean. Then Tony laughs like he was crazy. Just laughs and laughs while we run over to pick the kid up. And the Old Man hears the racket and comes busting out of the office, and he takes one look and his face goes whiter than a sheet.

See, Sonny was the Old Man's kid . . .

Clifton Bennett

IN A CEMETERY

*In life he was president of the First National Bank,
the biggest man in the village . . .
She was a woman of the street . . . hollow-eyed . . .
a woman who had felt the whip lash of life . . .
Death called and both passed on . . .
Death knows no favorites . . .
One day in a cemetery . . . I stood near where the
banker and the street-walker were buried . . .
Nearby I saw a white rose blooming!*

WILLIAM ALLEN WARD

LIMITED

*Parlor-car passengers, bastardy breed,
Drinking for drunkenness, feeding for fat,
Brilliance of barnacle, comfort of cat,
Flushers with furs and negators of need —
Glutted and gowned at community's cost,
You are the hungry, the naked, the lost.
(This I concede you: your snobbish pride
Spares me a chattering voice at my side.)*

GEORGE HEDLEY

YOUTH

*Exhausted, tired, and alone we stand,
Fearfully dejected, and in need of a friendly
hand,
Our age lies buried deep in chaotic turbulence
And we in its volcanic depth entranced.
Fear clutches our heart and breaks our courage,
Youth alone can save and encourage,
So let us gather all youth in a clamorous band
And lead ourselves to victory with their eternal
helping hand.*

H. MATTHEWS

DEFENDERS OF FREEDOM OF THOUGHT PROTEST

W. J. Conklin

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE SECRETARY OF LABOR

The case your Department maintains against Marcus Graham, Editor of MANI, is of such character that we, who hold Freedom as the highest goal of life, can no longer remain silent. Today freedom of individual activity, freedom of speech and press are the only true measures we have by which any future good is to be measured. I hope you too envision the free, happy and progressive society of the future arising out of crystallizing thought, of toleration and forgiveness of today.

Your officers believe they have a case against Marcus Graham. But in time, perhaps only a short time hence, it will be proven there is really no case against him, no more than there were cases against those who you believe now to have been innocent and great men, but who in their day were poisoned, crucified, beheaded, burned at the stake, exiled and starved in prisons! Look back and reflect. Did the danger to society minimize (we are told that such persecutions are to protect society) with any of those murders, imprisonments or deportations? The truth, however, is that the only dangers that ever existed as a result of radical movements were those directed against the principles of inequality, violence, intolerance, suppression and hatred!

I do not doubt but that there are reactionary elements behind it all who implore you that Marcus Graham be punished, his actions suppressed, his voice stifled. It means that if you obey them now you will play yourself into their hands to be used by them later again. And they will appraise you this time. But if ever you attempted to speak the truth or act in accordance with your conscience in the future, they would turn against you just as unhesitatingly as they do now against all the radicals.

H. H. Cummins

To His Excellency
Franklin D. Roosevelt
President of these U. S. A.

Knowing your kindness of heart and also knowing that you personally have asked for changes in our laws, I approach you in the interest of freedom to look into the deportation charges against Marcus Graham of Los Angeles, who has been persecuted for nineteen years just for the simple fact that he does not see everything as some of the law enforcement officers.

The poorest man in these U. S. has a right to advocate changes in any of our laws same as you have asked, he also has the right to express his opinion either by word of mouth or by the press.

If we are not allowed free discussion just how are we going to arrive at just conclusions? For further information address him at P. O. Box 971, Los Angeles, Calif.

I have read his paper, MANI, for several years and can find no violence in it.

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Please add 2 cents postage on each pamphlet and 15 cents on each book.

Persecution of Graham Continues

Holding that a defendant could refuse to answer incriminating questions in a civil case as well as in a criminal case, the Federal Circuit Court of Appeals, on October 28th, reversed the six months imprisonment sentence imposed upon Marcus Graham by the "liberal" Federal Judge Leon R. Yankwich. At the same time, however, it remanded Graham back to the lower Court for a rehearing on what questions he should answer.

The decision, in reality, sustains Judge Yankwich in his aid given to the Labor Department to execute the 19-year-old deportation warrant. Thus the two Federal Courts join the Labor Department in the round-about way of delivering a death blow to this journal, of which Graham is the editor, thereby giving the most ample proof that the central issue of this renewed attempt to exile Graham is the one of The Freedom of the Press.

The protests to Miss Frances Perkins, Secretary of Labor, demanding that the Labor Department dismiss its 19-year-old warrant of deportation against Marcus Graham, should be brought forth with renewed vigor by all the liberty loving elements in the country.

Sara Bard Field

(Mrs. Charles Erskine Scott Wood)

I am obliged to act as my husband's secretary for reasons which you will appreciate. The middle of last September, while we were on a visit to my husband's daughter in San Rafael, he was prostrated by a heart attack and his life despaired of for ten days. He subsequently lay in bed for about four months and later was allowed to return here, to our home, but is still only convalescent and not allowed any strain whatever, mental or physical. He is particularly forbidden to engage in such cases as yours which excite his sympathy and his anger against the government capable of such intolerance and persecution.

I know something of your former appeal to him and we have talked your present situation over. He instructs me to say: you may, at all times, freely express his opinion as above written. He says he can not even allow his name to be used on a committee for it would exhibit to others and to other causes that he is lending his name to you but refusing it elsewhere and he must rigidly decline all these requests. It attracts mail to the door which he can not read and excites him, as you may know it would, all of which is prohibited.

Of course, you know we both wish you well and my husband has expressed to me the wish that your case could get into the Supreme Court which, as now constituted, he believes would put an end to this persecution. My own hands were full and my every hour occupied during my husband's serious

and long illness and all except first class mail was destroyed by accident before I could get to it.

Wishing you victory over the forces of persecution and reaction.

Bolton Hall

Thanks for your letter of June 6. I feel strongly about the injustice and tyranny to which you have been and are subjected; but at present it is impractical for me to take on any more active work. I enclose a contribution as an expression of my desire to help.

With best wishes for you and your admirable efforts for the freedom of all of us.

E. G. Mauritzen

(Editor of Welcome News)

Madam Frances Perkins,
Secretary of Labor
Washington, D. C.

Dear Miss Perkins:—

I want to add my protest to those of all liberal minded people, who see our liberties endangered by the attitude taken by our government toward those who differ with the powers that be.

You as a humanitarian liberal, should not lend yourself to the campaign of the police force and the inspectors from your department, to subject to deportation Marcus Graham, because he refuses to testify against himself.

I am sure that I speak for the majority of our readers when I enter this protest, we are also presenting the case to our readers for their own judgement.

Neither myself or Mr. Pannel are Anarchists, personally I am a registered Democrat while Pannel is a Socialist, but we both feel that if the constitutional guarantee of the rights to a fair trial and that no man is compelled to testify against himself as provided in the 5th Amendment of the Constitution wherein it says, "nor shall he be compelled in any criminal case to be a witness against himself, nor be deprived of life LIBERTY, or property, without due process of law", is violated by a so-called Judge, and sorry to say I voted for him, then we feel that you should use your power to right this wrong by ordering that Marcus Graham be freed at once.

Eliot White

Dear Mr. Graham:

With condemnation of all injustice shown you, and with appreciation of your courageous upholding of freedom of thought, opinion and utterance, I should like to add, for Mrs. White and myself, the enclosed trifle for whatever purpose, in your aid, you choose.

INTER NOS

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

San Francisco Group, (share of affair)—\$30.00, Newspaper sale—\$4.15; Mishawaka List—\$9.50; Springfield List—\$6.10; Affair of Los Angeles Group—\$20.00; Funds mailed in mails from 1937 (see detailed report below)—\$62.62. Six Dollars: On Peckville List. Five Dollars: Toronto, Canada, on List, Munro Barlett, George Borrow. Three Dollars: E. Martina, Billy Van. A. Rogat. Two Dollars: A. Sereika, Hammon Educational Club, L. Battaglia, Tony Poggi, Joe Opposit, V. Sanzaro, Laurence Labadie, Calvin Green, Frank Norantonic (newspaper sale)—\$1.50. One Dollar: Jules Scarceriaux, Otto Mautner, H. Mathewson, on list through Celia Goldberg, L. Ridondelli, B. Lara, Walter Kimble, Dr. Elmer Lee, A. R. Cooney, Allentown Libertarian Group, H. Sexauer, L. Eremita, Joe Moke, H. Lum, Hing Joe, R. Jones. Fifty Cents: P. Sing, K. Wong. L. A. Newspaper sale—40. TOTAL—\$196.77.

EXPENDITURES \$109.60

DEFICIT 1.03

Total Expenditures 110.63

BALANCE 86.14

Cash on hand \$196.77

LIST ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

(Funds included in Financial Reports)

Lists acknowledged in the above financial report: Mishawaka—\$9.50: A. Casini, M. Girolami, A. Semprini, M. Di Elia, G. Vamouni, D. Nicolini; Fifty Cents—Ida Casini, L. E. Kronawitter, F. Di Girolami, A. Friend, V. Clementi; Twenty-five cents—Spartace Casini, Ribelle Casini, Valdimiro Casini, L. Valicelli. Springfield List—\$6.10: V. Secondo—\$1.50; One Dollar—L. John, G. Italo, G. Adolpho, G. Delmarco; No name—50; Belasco—10. Peckville List—\$6.00: One Dollar—R. Spogli, V. Broccoli; Fifty Cents—Totu, S. Saetta, F. Bracalli Luigi, A. Materazzi, A. Di Girolamo; Mary Bocadori—75; A Friend—50; A Friend—25. Toronto List—\$5.00: A. Bortolotti—1.75; Fifty Cents: T. Mellis, P. Thornberg, E. Gava, E. Zonette, Antonetta; Twenty-five Cents: J. Desser, D. Rogers, B. Ruggiero.

Report of Funds received from Groups and Individuals in 1937, but lost in mails. Finally located and acknowledged in above financial report. Sums received: Detroit, share of picnic—\$32.62; New Eagle, Pa., share of picnic—\$5.00; Chicago, share of picnic—\$5.00; Gruppo Libertario, Roches-

ter—\$10.00; Springfield, Mass., Group—\$3.00; F. Jouni, Arizona—\$1.00; Liberty Club, Haverhill, Mass.—\$1.00; L. Battaglia—\$1.00. TOTAL—\$62.62.

Lists acknowledged in October issue: Detroit List of \$15.00: P. Luigi—\$2.00; F. Tarroci—\$2.00; Rico—\$1.50; Ricards—\$1.50. One Dollar—L. Ridolfi, Nick, Oswald, Favria, Gumbo, Gismonda, Sechiar, Geno, L. Nelsoni. Youngtown list—\$5.35: Fifty Cents: S. Medinich, H. Hierro, A. De Toffol, D. Slantich, P. Masten; Twenty-five cents: B. Chousa, J. Luscheck, K. Semens; William—10; P. Smith—\$2.00.

ENCOURAGEMENT

Inclosed please find a small contribution towards the continuance of MANI. Hoping that those who believe in the expounding of Libertarian thought, will not let an excellent journal die for lack of assistance, I remain yours for freedom.

MONROE BARLETT

Have just opened MANI for August and find the special appeal enclosed. It is well that such appeals be made, else the condition of the paper goes almost unnoticed with so many other appeals that the times force on. The paper must live. Am enclosing a dollar bill.

Fraternally,
P. B. GARCIA

MANI is very interesting, I think it is one of the best English written working class newspapers. Hoping that the reaction doesn't succeed to choke his free voice or deport its editor, you will keep up the good work as usual, for there are always those who will stand by you.

JOHN TATTY

Editor MANI,

As one who does not believe in molesting anyone for what he thinks, says or prints, I am sending a dollar "in resistance" or as a subscription.

(Editor emeritus, The Truth Seeker)

GEO. E. MACDONALD

Military Honor

Soldiers, after having taken the pledge of loyalty to the flag, king and to the republic, or to some other form of government, feel compelled to do everything as ordered. Consequently, they don't consider themselves as human beings endowed with reason and will of their own, but as cattle who are always led. Such beastly state and blind obedience is called by them: Military Honor.

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